

Weekly

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE,

American

RE. AGRICULTURE, NEWS, AND GENERAL MISCELLANY.

VOL. 1.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1858.

NO. 12.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The American is published every Saturday, on the following terms:
Single copy, one year.....\$2.00
Three copies, one year.....5.00
Five copies, one year.....8.00
Ten copies, one year.....15.00
Single copy, six months.....1.00
Three copies, six months.....3.00
Five copies, six months.....5.00
Ten copies, six months.....10.00
Voluntary agents are entitled to retain 50 cents commission on each yearly, and 25 cents commission on each semi-yearly, subscriber, except in the case of Clubs.
A Club of five subscribers, at \$2, will entitle the person making it to a copy for six months; a Club of ten, at \$4, to a copy for one year. When a Club has been formed, additions may be made to it, on the same terms.

Five cents per line for the first insertion. Two and a half cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

TO MAIL SUBSCRIBERS.
Three weeks previous to the expiration of subscriptions, each subscriber will find his paper forwarded to the margin. Thus, each may know, that, three weeks after the receipt of a paper thus sealed, their subscriptions will run out, and be reminded that they must immediately renew.
All letters, communications, and orders, must be addressed to
C. W. FENTON,
Washington City, D. C.

PROSPECTUS OF THE WASHINGTON AMERICAN.

We can hardly think it necessary to urge upon those who hold that Americans ought to rule America, the importance of having a paper at the seat of the Federal Government, which shall enunciate and advocate the doctrines of the American party.
A paper issued from any of the great centers of a nation, but especially from the political Metropolis, in the present age, not in this country only, but in Great Britain, France, and wherever there is the least freedom of discussion, is a medium through which those holding similar sentiments in regard to public affairs and public policy, may make known, discuss and defend their views, and expose the impropriety of the principles, and the impolicy of the measures of their antagonists. It should earnestly labor to give a proper direction to public opinion by enlightening the public mind.

The AMERICAN is the only paper published at the seat of the Federal Government which advocates American doctrines; the only sentiment of the party stationed where a near and clear view can be had of the movements and doings of their opponents at their headquarters. Here political opinions of all nations, and from hence it radiates to every part of the empire; here party measures and movements are determined, and political campaigns planned; here strategies are concocted and thwarted, and here at certain seasons of the year politicians meet to congregate; here, in short, is the center of the great political machinery, in which so many thousands are constantly plunging and forever gyrating.

If the American party is desirous of being a national party, it should not be without a paper here through which it can make known to all people its views, aims and opinions, and which shall also refute the calumnies that are from time to time uttered against it through ignorance or a less excusable motive; and we, therefore, take hope that the AMERICAN, standing, as it will stand, upon the platform of the American party, advocating as it will advocate, the paramount rights of native-born citizens, endeavoring as it will to secure, all interference with slavery as a national concern, and maintaining, as it will maintain, perfect freedom of opinion and of conscience in religion, will find favor in the eyes of all truly patriotic citizens in the land, and commend itself to their generous support.

Let us may not have been specific enough in declaring our principles, we add, that the FAREWELL ADDRESS of the Father of his country, as illustrated by the broad light of his administration, is our political text-book and *modus vivendi*; and shall be our compass and chart.

PLATFORM

Of the American Party, adopted at the nation of the

1st. An honorable acknowledgment to the Southern States, for their successful Revolutionary struggle, and hitherto manifested to us, their dependence, in the preservation of the liberties, the independence, and the union of these States.

2d. The perpetuation of the Federal Union, as the palladium of our civil and religious liberties, and the only sure bulwark of American Independence.

3d. American men and women, and to the States, Federal and municipal offices or government employment, in preference to all others; nevertheless,

4th. Persons born of American parents residing temporarily abroad, should be entitled to all the rights of native-born citizens; but

5th. No person should be selected for political station (whether of native or foreign birth), who recognizes any allegiance or obedience to any foreign power, or who refuses to recognize the Federal and State constitutions (each within its sphere) as paramount to all other laws, as rules of political action.

6th. The unequalled recognition and maintenance of the reserved rights of the several States, and the cultivation of harmony and fraternal good will, between the citizens of the several States, and to this end, non-interference by Congress with the personal property of the individual States, and non-interference by each State with the affairs of any other State.

7th. The recognition of the right of the native-born and naturalized citizens of the United States, to frame their constitution and laws, and to regulate their domestic and social affairs in their own mode, subject only to the provisions of the Federal Constitution, with the privilege of admission into the Union, whenever they have the requisite population for one Representative in Congress. *Provided always, that none but those who are citizens of the United States, under the constitution and laws thereof, and who have a fixed residence in any Territory, ought to participate in the formation of the constitution, or in the enactment of laws for said Territory or State.*

8th. An enforcement of the principle that no State is authorized to admit others than citizens of the United States to the right of suffrage, or to hold political office.

9th. A change in the laws of naturalization, making a continued residence of twenty years, of all heretofore provided for, a indispensable requisite for citizenship hereafter, and excluding all paupers and persons convicted of crime, from landing upon our shores; but no interference with the vested right of a foreigner.

10th. Opposition to a union between Church and State; no interference with religious faith, or with worship, and no test laws for office.

11th. Free and thorough investigation into any and all alleged abuses of public functionaries, and an economy in public expenditures.

12th. The maintenance and enforcement of all laws honestly enacted, until said laws shall be repealed, or shall be declared null and void by competent judicial authority.

13th. A free and open discussion of all political principles embraced in our platform.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Worn fingers warm and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unbecomingly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the song of the Shirt!

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save
If this is Christian work!"

"Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the button I fall asleep,
And sew them on in my dream!"

"Oh! men with sisters dead!
Oh! men with mothers and wives!
If it is not them you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt!"

"But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fast I keep:
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

"Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rage;
A shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so black with shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!"

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime;
Work—work—work!
As prisoners work, for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the hammer is sick and the brain benumbed
As well as the weary hand!"

"Work—work—work,
In the dull December light;
And work—work—work!
When the weather is warm and bright:
While underneath the eaves
The broodingallows cluck,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twist me with the Spring."

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet;
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet:
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woe of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!"

"Oh! but for one short hour
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart—
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unbecomingly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCANDAL.

"Now let me tell you, mischief thou art afoot,
Take what course thou wilt."

In a neighboring village, whose inhabitants, like the good people of Athens, were much given to "either tell or hear of some new thing," lived Squire P., a facetious, good natured sort of a body, whose jokes are even yet a matter of village record, and have been retold through various editions from folio down to duodecimo.

Aunt Lizzy was Deacon Snipe's wife's sister—a maiden lady of about fifty—she went to all the meetings—kept a regular account of every birth, death, and marriage, with their dates—doctored all the babies, and knew every yard in the neighborhood—showed all the young married women how to make soap; and when they had *bad luck*, made every child in the house sit *cross-legged* until the luck was changed. In fine she was a kind of village factotum—spent her time in going from house to house, grinding out a gist of slander to each, as occasion required, but always concluded with the way of transgressors is hard; poor Mrs. A. or B. (as the case was) I pity her from the bottom of my heart; or some such very soothing reflection. Aunt Lizzy was always very fond of asking strangers and others, without regard to time or place, "the state of their minds; how they enjoyed their minds," &c. These questions were generally followed by a string of scandal, which was calculated to destroy the peace and happiness of some of her best neighbors and friends; but she, like other narrators of this kind, considered such intellectual murder as either establishing her own fair reputation, or as the only mode of entertaining the village, and thereby rendering her society agreeable.

One warm summer's afternoon, as the squire was sitting near his office door, smoking his pipe, Aunt Lizzy was passing by with great speed, rattling on the news of the day, when the squire brought her suddenly to, as the sailors say, by—

"What's your hurry aunt Lizzy? walk in." The old lady, who never wanted a second invitation, went into the office, and the following dialogue soon commenced:

"Well, Squire P., I have been thinking this forenoon what a useful man you might be, if you'd only leave off your light conversations, as the good book says, and become a serious

man—you might be an ornament to both church and state, as our minister says."

"Why, as to that, aunt Lizzy, a cheerful countenance I consider as the best index of a grateful heart, and you know what the Bible says on that subject—'when you fast, be not as the hypocrites of a sad countenance; but anoint thy head and wash thy face'—(aunt Lizzy began to feel for her pocket handkerchief, for she was a taker of snuff)—'that thou appear not unto men to fast.'"

"Now, there squire, that's just what I told you; see how you have the *Scripture* at your tongue's end; what a useful man you might be in our church, if you'd only be a doer as well as a hearer of the word."

"As to that, aunt Lizzy, I do not see that your '*professors*,' as you call them, are a whit better than I am, in private. I respect a sincere profession as much as any man; but I know enough of one of your church, whom you think a great deal of, to know that she is no better than she should be!"

At these invectives, Aunt Lizzy's little black eyes began to twinkle; she sat down beside the Squire, in order to speak in a lower tone;—spread her handkerchief over her lap, and began to tap the cover of her snuff box in true style, and all things being in readiness for a regular siege of 'scandalum magnatum,' she commenced fire—

"Now, Squire, I want to know what you mean by one of our church? I know you mean—the trollope—I didn't like so many curls about her head, when she told her experience."

The Squire, finding curiosity was putting his boots on, had no occasion to add spurs to the heels, for the old lady had one in her head that was worth both of them. Accordingly, he had no peace until he consented to explain what he meant by the expression 'in private'—this was a dear word with Aunt Lizzy.

"Now, Aunt Lizzy, will you take a Bible oath that you will never communicate what I am about to tell you to a living being, and that you will keep it while you live as a most inviolable secret?"

"Yes, Squire, I declare I won't ever tell nobody nothing about it as long as I breathe the breath of life; and I'll take a Bible oath on it; there, sartin as I live, Squire, before you or any other magistrate in the whole country."

"Well, then, you know when I went up to Boston a year ago."

"Yes, yes, Squire, and I know who went with you, too—Sussey B. and Dolly T. and her sister Prudence."

"Never mind who went with me, aunt Lizzy; there was a whole lot of passengers—but, but—"

"None of your buts, squire—out with it—if folks will act so—a trollope!"

"But, aunt Lizzy, I'm afraid I'll bring me into the scrape."

"I've told you over and over again that nobody never shall know nothing about it, and your wife knows I ain't leaky."

"My wife! I wouldn't have her know what I was going to say for the world; why, aunt Lizzy, if she should know it?"

"Well, don't be fear'd, squire, once for all, I'll take my oath that no living critter shall never, as long as I live, know a lip on it."

"Well, then, if you must know it, I slept with one of the likeliest of your church members nearly half the way up!"

Aunt Lizzy drew in a long breath—shut up her snuff-box, and put it in her pocket, muttering to herself:

"The likeliest of our church members! I thought it was Sussey B.; likeliest! this comes of being flattered—a trollope. Well, one thing I know—the way of transgressors is hard; but I hope you'll never tell nobody on't, squire, for sartin as I live, Squire, before you or any other magistrate in the whole country."

In a few moments Aunt Lizzy took her departure, giving the squire another caution, to slip wink as she said good by—let me alone for a secret.

It was not many days before Squire P. received a very polite note from Parson G., requesting him to attend a meeting of the church, and many of the parish, at the South Conference room, in order to settle some difficulties with one of the church members, who, in order to clear up her character, requested Squire P. to be present.

The Parson, who was a very worthy man, knew the frailty of some of the weak sisters, as Aunt Lizzy called them, and as he was a particular friend of Squire P.'s, requested him in his note to say nothing of it to his wife. But the squire took the hint, and I tell his wife that there was a Parish meeting, requested her to be ready by two o'clock, and he would call for her.

Accordingly, the hour of meeting came—the whole village flocked to the room, which could not hold half of them. All eyes were alternately on the Squire and Sussey B. Mrs. P. stared, and Sussey looked as though she had been crying a fortnight. The Parson, with softened tone, and in as delicate a manner as possible stated the story about Sussey B. which he observed was in every body's mouth, and which he did not himself believe a word of—Squire P. being called on to stand witness—after painting in lively colors the evils of slander, with which their village had been infected, and particularly the church, called on Aunt Lizzy, in presence of the meeting, and before the church, to come out and make acknowledgment for violating a Bible oath! Aunt Lizzy's apology was that she only told Dolly Snipe's wife on't—and she took an oath, that she wouldn't never tell nobody else on't. Deacon Snipe's wife had it, appears, sworn to—Roger Toothaker's sister never to tell nobody on't—and so it went through the whole church, and thence through the village.

The Squire then acknowledged before the whole meeting that he had, as he told Aunt Lizzy, slept with a church member, half the way up to Boston, and that he believed her to be one of the likeliest of their members, in as

much as she never would hear or retail *slander*. All eyes were now alternately on Sussey B. and Squire P.'s wife—Aunt Lizzy enjoyed a kind of diabolical triumph, which the Squire no sooner perceived than he finished his sentence by declaring that the church member, to whom he alluded, was his own lawful wife!

Aunt Lizzy drew in her head under a huge bonnet, as a turtle does under his shell, and marched away into one corner of the room, like a dog that has been killing sheep. The Squire, as usual, burst into a fit of laughter, from which his wife, Sussey B., and even the Parson, could not refrain joining—and Parson G., afterwards acknowledged that Squire P. had given a death blow to scandal in the village, which all his preaching could not have done.

THE WIDOW'S LAST TRIAL.

"He was the only son of his mother, And she was a widow."

"And to-morrow you are to be taken into the firm as a partner." This was uttered by an aged female, sitting with one of her withered hands clasped in that of her son, a young man of two-and-twenty, who sat looking in her face, with eyes beaming with affectionate interest.

"This fully repays me, my beloved son, for all I have suffered."

For a moment the son's features appeared clouded with sorrow; he thought that what suffering had been; of the years long past, when the mother now sitting beside him, so beloved, had submitted to toil and privation, enduring all things for his sake; his eyes glistened with tears, but brushing them away hastily, a smile broke over his countenance.

"True, mother," he said; "but let these recollections be forgotten now. The memory of the past will bury in oblivion, and think only of the days that are to come."

"But you will not allow prosperity to harden your heart, William; you will not let your good fortune make you high-minded, and forget Him, who has been a friend in the hour of trouble?"

"No mother, I will not forget that I am the child of God—yet should temptation assail me, I have only to think of your precepts and example, and they would always deter me from doing wrong. But think, mother," he continued, a bright gleam lighting up every feature, "how happy I shall be, in being enabled to place you in the sphere of life to which your virtues entitle you. If you know how often busy fancy has pictured this, how often I have dwelt upon the idea of one day being able to place you in a home equal to your merit, you would not wonder, that now, when I see my wishes on the eve of accomplishment, it should thus subdue me."

"Nor do I, nor do I, my son," the mother said, with tearful eyes; "but you think more favorably, my boy, of your aged mother than she deserves. I doubt not many will think, and say, 't'old woman has now more than her merits; and really, though I am proud of your advancement, I should not murmur, at never having a more comfortable home than the present one you have provided me.'"

The night was pitchy dark, not a star being visible, while the wind blowing in fitful gusts, portended a storm of unusual violence.

"Will be a stormy night, I fear," said the young man, rising and going towards the door to look out. "The river is already swollen, and if the rain falls as it did the other evening, I fear much damage will ensue. You heard of the poor fellow drowned in the canal last night?"

"Yes," the mother replied; "I hope he had friends to care for him. 'Tis a dreadful death to die," she added, musingly.

"They say not," said William, "many who have encountered it, assert the being brought to, is the most painful part to endure."

"It may be so," the mother answered; "but I fervently trust no one dear to me may ever be submitted to the experience."

A vivid flash of lightning, followed by the rumbling thunder, caused William now to retire; and observing again that the river would be very high, he closed the door.

It was now the usual hour for family worship. The mother had seated herself in a corner of the fire-place, with her features settled into a look of devotion, while the son, with a corresponding gravity, walked toward the stand on which the family Bible was placed, and opening the sacred volume, began reading a chapter. Religion with them, was not the cold expression of the lip alone. It was the intense of the heart. It was a beautiful sight, that aged mother, and her only son, bending their knees, and lifting up their voices to the Most High. Perhaps the events of the day had given a deeper tone of tenderness to William's voice and feelings; certain it was, he had never prayed more fervently than on that evening; and when they separated for the night, the poor old woman looked forward to the bright vista of the future, with full confidence of its meeting her most sanguine anticipations.

The mother of William had been left a widow, while he was in his second year. By dint of hard labor, she had managed to keep her boy at school, until he arrived at his fifteenth year, when she obtained a situation for him with a merchant, residing at the flourishing town of Rochester, in the State of New York. William's good conduct and steady application to business, won him the favorable opinion of his employer. The merchant was a man of great benevolence; he could appreciate merit in whatever station it was to be met; and when he saw the lad supporting an aged mother out of his earnings—never mingling with the low and vicious, and practicing a fidelity in business unusual in one so young, it was impossible to avoid feeling an involuntary respect for his character. William was aware of the merchant's kindness; he knew that his salary exceeded that given to other boys; still he never presumed upon the merchant's disinterestedness, but was alike respectful to his employer and his customers. On the day in which he was introduced to the reader's notice, he had been offered a share in the merchant's lucrative business. Never had his brightest visions pre-

tured such a result; but even then, when it would have been natural to suppose him greatly elated by his good fortune, he thought only of his mother; and while his expressions of gratitude were poured in eloquent language into the ear of his benefactor, there was a mingling of thanks that she would be the reaper of his unexampled kindness.

"To-morrow! you may boast of to-morrow! The widow and her son parted from each other with happiness bright in the perspective. The storm of the preceding evening had been succeeded by a morning of unusual mildness for the season, for it was the middle of January; and telling his mother he would not return to dinner, but that she should see him early in the evening, William bade her farewell.

It was at the close of the day, that a traveler went forth to view the picturesque and beautiful falls of the Genesee. He proceeded slowly, gazing upon the surrounding country, with the eye of a connoisseur; and had gained the point at which the fall could be seen to the greatest advantage, when his attention became engrossed by an object of exceeding interest. Near to the aqueduct was a young man employed in endeavoring to collect some drift wood. He had stretched forth his arm to seize a floating log, when the place being slippery, he lost his balance, and fell into the water. At first the stranger thought him justly punished for his temerity, and felt inclined to smile at what he deemed his fool-hardiness; but soon other feelings predominated. The river was very high, and the current, running strong, soon brought the rash youth toward the rapids.

Who, oh! who may paint the anguished feelings of that hapless being, knowing himself doomed to inevitable destruction! On, on the rapids drove him. There was not a ray of hope to cheer his drooping heart; but as the moment of impending fate drew near, desperation gave him strength to grapple with a death-grasp; upon the very top of the falls he stood bolt upright upon his feet, and giving one wild shriek, went over. Faint and dizzy, the traveler had closed his eyes to shut out the dreadful sight. He knew that the hapless being had seen him, that the last agonizing appeal the unfortunate youth had made for aid, was to him, and sick at heart he returned to the hotel.

When the melancholy fact became spread through the town, it was said to be a poor youth who had been in the habit of nightly carrying a supply of drift wood to his mother. All spoke highly of his devotion to her, and of his subsequent good conduct. It was mentioned that his prospects had improved, and many conjectured that the force of habit, more than actual necessity had occasioned the fatal catastrophe. Reader, the poor drowned youth was the widow's only son!

Not many days after, a coffin was seen slowly emerging from the widow's now desolate mansion. The body of the young man had been found many miles below the spot at which he perished. Not a trace of his once pleasant countenance was perceptible; but his clothes were identified by many. There was one who would have recognized him under any circumstances—the heart-broken mother. When all shroud and turned away in horror from viewing the sight of his mutilated limbs, she clung to them, and wept over the body in the most bitter agony. The earth-dug over his loved remains. It was the WIDOW'S LAST TRIAL.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

The Fight over Postmaster Cook.

WASHINGTON, March 3, 1858.

The fight in Executive Session over Cook's appointment as Postmaster of Chicago was resumed in the Senate last evening, and resulted in giving Douglas one of his greatest triumphs. He offered a resolution calling upon the Treasury and Post Office Departments for certain correspondence which embraces the proofs of the charges brought against Cook. Fitch of Indiana made a characteristic speech, but not so bitter as the day before, when Mr. Douglas flayed him. He opposed the adoption of the resolution. He is rather in favor of straining investigation into frauds of all kinds just now. He was several times put right by Mr. Douglas in matters of fact. On one occasion he said the following eloquent outburst: "I will not be interrupted any more. I dislike this bantam cock style of interference. After a bitter opposition to the resolution from Senators Sill, Brown, Mason, and others, it was laid on the table. At this point Mr. Hunter of Virginia said: 'We must inaugurate this matter.' 'Yes, Yes,' responded Pugh and Clay. These demonstrations of yielding to the Illinois Senator created an excitement such as has been seldom witnessed. Senators Sill, Brown, and others sprang to the seat of Hunter, the former exclaiming, 'We have had enough of this; don't revive it.'"

Sensor Broderick, taking advantage of the attention made to overawe Hunter, obtained the floor and delivered a lecture to the Democracy which they will not very soon forget. He said he was surprised to see Senators controlled in their action on a grave question by bitter spite against a Senator whose life had been devoted to the great interests of the Democratic party. A man is nominated for a highly responsible place. A Senator rises in his place and prefers charges against him, showing him to be dishonest, and therefore unfit for the place. He points the Senate to the place where the testimony is recorded, and moves a resolution, the tendency of which is to procure said testimony; and in the face of all this, Senators say, 'We have had enough of this; we want no investigation.' Mr. Broderick characterized the proceeding as dishonorable and disgraceful.

The vote laying the resolution on the table was reconsidered, and the testimony was ordered.

The Texas Resolutions.

The Legislature of Texas has not responded to Governor Runtell's message, proposing to make the rejection of the Lecompton constitution by Congress the case for immediate preparation for disunion. The joint committee, to whom the subject was referred, reported a series of resolutions, which were debated, opposed, and referred, and returned back amended, and finally passed the Senate.

These proceedings refuse to take the position the non-admission of Kansas under the Lecompton constitution is a case for disunion. They speak only of dispositions in Kansas and tendencies at Washington, and refer future action to the judgment of the Governors of the majority of the slaveholding States upon the general aspect of the times.

There is, however, to be, even if Governor Runtell thinks the time for disunion preparations has come, another opportunity for legislative deliberation, investigation, and action, and a popular review of their judgment. We still live.—N. O. Pioyane.

A New Scheme of the Jesuits—A Purgatorial Circular.

To the Editors of the New York Express:

New York, February 22, 1858.

The following Purgatorial Circular was handed to me, last evening, by a gentleman in Wall street. He obtained it recently from a Tract distributor while traveling through the country. As the gentleman, on account of the curiosity of its precious contents, was not willing to part with the document, I transcribed it, and here send you a literal copy for the inspection of both Roman Catholics and Protestants who have not been apprised of the priestly benefits it confers. You will perceive it is dated 1855. But as I have been a careful observer of all the movements of our Jesuit friends since that date, and never, till last evening, I infer that the Jesuit authors, headed by the Archbishop, saw that it would not do to place it unadvisedly and indiscriminately before the eyes of intelligent Protestants, but with due caution to circulate it among those who swallow "canned" and confine it to those who are prone to purgatorial credulity. I infer also, that the Treasury of the Jesuits requires to be replenished, and that they will get annually about a million of money, which will be a good traffic for Tetzels' box in these "Indulgences and Masses" for deliverance from the "torments of Purgatory." Your readers will remember that when the Pope authorized a former sale of Masses and Indulgences, Tetzels declared to the populace that, "every time the money jingled in the box, a soul would fly up from Purgatory;" so it is announced in this Circular, that these fifty cents from good Catholics with their devotions, will avail to "release the souls, even 'the most desolate, from Purgatory.'"

That this Society, with the Archbishop at their head, formed to throw money into the priests' "celestial Treasury," may receive the help of the press, I hope, Messieurs Editors, that your benevolence will publish this precious document; and that other editors will not refuse their press, in the publication of this "holy" Circular, and spreading far and wide the knowledge of so "holy" a charity, that souls, every day, may be seen flying up to the seat of Pope Alexander IV., who, doubtless, is elevated to the pinnacle of Judas. The document, you will see, is as free from blasphemy as it is from "holiness," Jesuitism and barefaced jugglery. Here it is:

Purgatorial Society, Established with the Approbation of His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, 1855.

Scarcely has a year elapsed since a few young men, dissatisfied of forming themselves into an union, each member contributing FIFTY CENTS A YEAR, to provide a fund, that when one of their numbers should die, they could have several Masses offered for the repose of his soul.

As the design of this association became known, hundreds of persons sought admission, (many of the members having their friends in the old country enrolled.) The result is that hundreds of Masses have been offered for the repose of the suffering souls in Purgatory, particularly for deceased members and the friends of members.

Almighty God has visibly manifested his approbation to this pious association; for several of these young men who were the first to contribute to this work of charity, have since been inspired by God to give up the world, and devote themselves wholly to his service, in that *Apostolic Work, the Education of Youth under the rule of the Brothers of Christian Schools, (whom under God we look to as the hope of the future Church of America.)*

There has been procured at considerable expense (having been advanced by a few members a beautiful original design, exclusively for the members of this society, which serves as a certificate of membership; also, to remind them "that it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead.")

The Chancellor of the Diocese has been appointed as General Treasurer of the Society, and is charged with the procuring of the celebration of the Masses.

For the convenience of persons desirous of joining this Association, a register will be kept at several Churches in this city, wherein the names of members are to be enrolled; also, a certificate should be procured by each person on admission to membership. The Local Treasurers are to be furnished with authority from the General Treasurer, shall pay over to said General Treasurer, all monies received by them, on the second Sunday of each month.

RULE I.

A member contributing FIFTY CENTS A YEAR, shall be entitled to the following benefits, viz: Two Masses each month shall be offered for the grace of a happy death of all the members; and on the death of a member, the first EIGHT MASSES that are said for the Society shall be offered for the repose of the soul of the last deceased member. By forming this intention, all of the members are equally provided for at death, though thousands of miles distant.

RULE II.

Persons admitted as members in their last illness, shall be admitted only to the General benefits, which extend to the deceased members and friends of members; also, to the most desolate souls in Purgatory.

The members' dark prisons, chains, and tortures,